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The poems of John Davidson by St. William, reproduced with
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* An issue of absence, 1911-12.

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The Quest for John Davidson

BY J. BENJAMIN TOWNSEND '40

READERS of the Chronicle must have noted with curiosity, and possibly with puzzlement, frequent mention of the Library's rapidly growing collection of books, autograph manuscripts and letters, and other material relating to the Scottish poet, playwright, and novelist, John Davidson (1857-1909). Even those of us responsible for establishing the collection now view it as his parents did Gargantua or Jack the beanstalk, amazed at the rapidity with which it has reached its present size. Before the dedication of the new library building on April 30, 1949, the Princeton Library had on its shelves a respectable selection of Davidson's works in early editions but it possessed no manuscripts or other original material, lacked his earliest published works, and was unequipped for any serious study of the author and hence of his period. Today the Library contains the largest and richest collection of Davidsoniana in existence. Thus, in less than three years Princeton has acquired by gift or purchase more than seventy volumes, chiefly first editions and variants, nearly five hundred unpublished letters, several major manuscripts, as well as countless reader's reports, newspaper clippings, and other items—all pertaining to this enigmatic and heretofore overlooked figure of the turn of the century.

Money and interest are usually available for collections of major or highly publicized literary figures: we all know that Browning's manuscripts and Oscar Wilde's correspondence do not go begging for purchasers. While I would not belittle the importance, even the necessity, of preserving the personal documents of the great
and celebrated, their impact alone gives a distorted and exaggeratedly heroic impression of an age. Wars are not fought nor won simply by generals; no more is literary history made by Shakespeare and Goethe. Considerable credit is therefore due to those concerned with building up Princeton's stockpile of rare books and manuscripts for their perspicacity and foresight (as well as hindsight) in recognizing the significance of Davidson's peculiar personality and his turbulent, roughewn, and admittedly imperfect work. Not long ago Davidson was a drug on the rare book-dealer's market. Although his books existed almost entirely in limited first editions, remainders could still be obtained after fifty years from his publishers; his letters and manuscripts, extremely rare for so recent an author, could scarcely be given away. Quietly, and with something like Yankee shrewdness, Princeton opened its vaults to these literary orphans until it now has a virtual monopoly of the private papers of the most dynamic, representative, and probably tragic figure of the nineties.

I am writing this in January of the present year; it has occurred to the Editors of the Chronicle that this is the proper time to take inventory of the Davidson trove at Princeton and to describe its provenance. They have asked me as Davidson's prospective biographer and publicist—I abhor that presumptuous title of "discoverer"—to explain just who Davidson was and how so extensive and varied a collection devoted to a minor figure has come about. Not that the serial has reached its final installment, for contributions to the collection are still being received and others are welcome. In my part of the country there is a popular superstition that when you cease to refresh or add on to your house, you grow lean and die. The same fate awaits the collector or curator of a library. While we hope that it will attract further additions, there is no possibility that the Davidson collection will continue to grow at anything like the adolescent pace, at once gratifying and almost alarming, which it has exhibited up to now. Nor will further acquisitions alter its essential character.

This, therefore, is largely an account of my personal search, conducted for three years and in a less intensive way still being conducted, for an author who died less than half a century ago but about whom scarcely more was known than about Shakespeare. While it has been primarily a search for the poet's literary bones, it was begun with the purpose of reconstructing from this skeleton his personality, private life, literary associations, and professional reputation. At no time have I entertained the illusion that the object of my investigation is equal in literary stature or potential popular interest to, say, James Boswell or Scott Fitzgerald. And it is only fair to warn you that the treasure hunt which I am about to describe does not end in the castle of an Irish peer or the muniment rooms of English country houses. Forewarned is forearmed. On the other hand, I share the scholar-adventurer's satisfaction in such experiences and a slight stirring of the competitive spirit prompts me to add that my hunt did conduct me, among other places, from two villas on the Italian and French Riviera to a modest apartment in Flushing Meadows.

By and large, however, this is a romance of the average: the story of an apprentice scholar's quite ordinary pursuit of a writer, whose personality was intransigent and dynamic and whose writings are filled with disturbance, both cosmic and human, but whose life, except for its violent end, was by any standards almost wholly conventional. Alas, the quest for Davidson concerns no twentieth-century Galahad, exposes no fin de siècle Lancelot and Guinevere, and while there was an ultimate vision, it was of a battered, rude, and utterly unholy grail.

In my eagerness to tell my own story I am forgetting part of my contract, which is also to tell Davidson's. The facts which follow are not new or hard to find elsewhere but they may be a convenience to repeat them here. John Davidson was born at Barrhead in Renfrewshire, Scotland in 1857, just two years before the appearance of Darwin's On the Origin of Species, the culmination and not, as commonly thought, the source of scientific skepticism in nineteenth-century England. The son of an austere dissenting minister and of the daughter of a parish schoolmaster, Davidson's education began at a charity school, was interrupted by a year's apprenticeship as an industrial chemist's assistant, and ended abruptly after only one year at Edinburgh University. The harshness of his early life and of his father's religious discipline, which he renounced for an even harsher discipline of his own, left their scars upon his work. Until he was thirty-two years old, Davidson attempted to earn a meager livelihood for himself and later for
his family by teaching school, holding six different teaching positions in twelve years. During this period he wrote poetry and plays in blank and rhymed verse, but like many a fledgling author found Academia a stern stepmother to the arts. In 1889 he shook the dust of schoolrooms from his feet forever, although he can never be said to have put down the ferule. In the following year he set out for London with his wife and two small boys, determined to make his way henceforth entirely by writing.

Except for the last few years of his life, when for the sake of economy and health he resided in Penzance, Davidson lived in London after 1890 and is often but not too accurately grouped with the London poets of the nineties. He was nevertheless a contemporary and in many instances an associate of Henley, Stevenson, Kipling, Wilde, Yeats, Le Gallienne, Shaw, and a host of lesser satellites, most of them as little known today as Davidson himself. Although his earliest work, several verse plays highly romantic in character and unmistakably Shakespearean or spasmodic in inspiration, had been published in Scotland, it was not until the first volume of *Fleet Street Eclogues* appeared in 1893 that Davidson attracted wide critical attention. For several years after the publication of this volume of remarkable lyrics, which combine satirical attacks upon Victorian shibboleths with lovely impressionistic descriptions of Scottish and English landscape, Davidson enjoyed among the *cognoscenti* an ascendency as one of the two or three outstanding younger poets of his day.

Between 1893 and 1899 he produced five volumes of poems, uneven in quality, at the same time writing novels, short stories, and travel sketches as well as contributing reviews, "têtes-à-têtes," and "causeries" to the periodicals. Before Chesterton and long before Huxley and Waugh, Davidson introduced extravaganzas, fantasy, and irony into the novel and short story in reaction against the sentimentality and diffuseness of the Victorian novel in parts. *His Baptizit Lake* (1896) and *Earl Lavender* (1895) are marked by that redeeming grace of the Victorians, self-parody, and are more responsible than is recognized for the element of whimsy and irony in the modern English novel.

Because of his membership in the Rhymers' Club and his contributions to the notorious *Yellow Book*—how respectable and dull it seems today—the Scottish writer of ballads and impressionistic lyrics has been associated in this period with the so-called aesthetes and decadents. By temperament and conviction, as his mature work shows, he belonged with the more muscular and robust poets of his day, the heroic vitalists and singers of the Empire, Henley, Stevenson, and Kipling. Connected by circumstance or conviction with the various movements of the end of the century, no other writer of his time provides such a sensitive index to the artistic and intellectual climate of the age. His work bridges the rival movements of the decadence and the counter-decadence, captained by Wilde and Henley respectively, and demonstrates convincingly that in their individual quests the poets and cults of the *fin de siècle* were unconscious allies in the same cause, the neo-romantic search for new values and new expression.

The tragic irony of Davidson's career is that he was never able to make an art out of his métier or a métier out of his art. While for a decade or more he eked out a precarious existence by writing poetry and journalism, he seems always to have regarded the drama as his proper sphere. He began his career principally as a poetic dramatist and later turned to the writing of blank verse melodramas in the hope of winning wider attention for his sensational and revolutionary ideas. Here again he experienced a short-lived and wholly ironical success, not as the author of half a dozen poetic tragedies, but as the adapter into English of two popular French plays in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Lewis Waller, and Forbes Robertson played principal roles. When other playwrights were turning to realism, domestic problems, and social themes, Davidson persisted in clinging to high romance, melodrama, and the anachronistic, declamatory style of Tennison, Bulwer-Lytton, and Swinburne, with the consequence that his plays like theirs have been condemned to oblivion. With an independence fatal to a poor man, the proud Scot stubbornly refused to worship "the Goddess of getting ahead."

Concentrating once again upon poetry, Davidson turned out in rapid succession from 1901 to 1908 a series of long jeremiads in blank verse, which expounded his philosophy of scientific materialism and a heroic vitalism similar to Nietzsche's already seen germ...
minating in his earliest lyrics and plays published in Scotland. Incoherent, humorless, and marred by much inflated rhetoric, these strange “Testaments,” as he called them, that often seem to verge on the pathological, contain occasional passages of splendid conception and soaring imagery. Only rarely in these poems, however, does he succeed in creating poetic myth out of the scientific gospel of matter. In a projected trilogy, entitled God and Mammon, of which he completed but two parts, Davidson set out to deliver in its final form his satanic message of atheism, ruthless self-realization, and rule by an elite of masters. In March of 1909, exhausted, poverty-stricken, sick, and ignored or scorned by the public, Davidson took his life by leaping into the sea from the cliffs near his home in Penzance, almost the last of the little but gifted Titans of the nineties to survive.

II

My own interest in Davidson began casually, almost accidentally, in September, 1948. I was then a graduate student in English at Yale and had made several false starts toward a doctoral dissertation. Wandering disconsolately and aimlessly one morning in the stacks of Sterling Memorial Library, I remembered all of a sudden that a friend had once spoken of the works of John Davidson, which he had found “difficult and generally unknown.” Knowing my plight, he had suggested that I look into them, but I had been occupied with something else and had until then forgotten his advice. Without the least premonition of making a fatal choice, I sought out the aisle marked “Ip/D,” where Davidson’s works should be, and to my surprise found two full shelves of his books: novels, plays, poetry, essays—nearly forty separate titles! Yet until that moment Davidson had never been anything more to me than a name that I had once heard mentioned idly.

Running my hand over the backs of the books, I selected one at random, a cheaply printed volume with the original covers missing and rebound in plain boards. The unpretentious title-page announced simply that the volume contained “Plays”: the author’s name was not given, but at the bottom of the page the publisher’s imprint read: “Greenock: John Davidson, 12 Brisbane Street, 1896.” In the upper right-hand corner there was written in a forthright, unmannered hand the inscription “With the Pub-

£20 REWARD

To any person or persons giving definite information which will lead to the discovery of the whereabouts and the ultimate finding of

JOHN DAVIDSON,

missing from his home in Penzance since 7 p.m. on the 23rd March, 1909.

Age 51 years; height about 5 feet 6 inches; stout build; dark complexion; full round pale face; brown piercing eyes; dark hair, moustache, and imperial tinged with grey; built on top of head; has a varicose vein in left leg, and a mark where a wart has been recently removed from first finger on left hand.

Dressed when he left home in a blue serge suit, dark overcoat, bowler hat, and black buttoned boots.

DAVIDSON always carries one eyeglass, is well known as a literary man, walks very quickly, and has the appearance of a Frenchman.

It is feared that he may be suffering from loss of memory, or some illness.

Any information respecting the above must be immediately communicated to

H. KENYON,

Head Constable.

PENZANCE.

Poster issued by the police after the disappearance of John Davidson.
lisher's compliments"—an early example, I was to learn, of the poet's characteristic irony. Clearly a press copy sent by Davidson himself to some indifferent reviewer who had sold it, perhaps unread, for the few pennies it would fetch. Here was the familiar story of a young author's early struggle: the self-financed private printing, the appeal for favorable attention, and the retirement of the volume to a secondhand bookstall and a university library shelf. Although the grubbing graduate student is not commonly credited with the more saving human failings, he is not an altogether unromantic or unimaginative person, and I suspect that the Grub Street tragedy of that title-page claimed my interest irrevocably.

In any event, I returned the book to the shelf sufficiently intrigued to take down the volume next to it, a second issue of the same plays bearing the title of one of them, *Scaramouch in Naxos*, and published in London in 1890. Again in the upper right-hand corner, in the same honest hand that I now recognized, the book was inscribed "To Oscar Wilde from John Davidson." At the bottom of the opposite page was an indignant notation by Davidson that the title had been changed by the publisher without consulting him. Now it ought not to be necessary for me to add that even in so richly endowed a library as Yale's one does not find presentation copies to Oscar Wilde lying about in the open stacks. It was evident at a glance that I was the first person in the book's long residence at Yale to note its exceptional interest and value, and I am not ashamed to confess that I enjoyed a little thrill of excitement. (I am happy to note that this unique copy, which had been overlooked by the Yale Library authorities, has since been put aside for safer keeping in the Rare Book Room.) Still another edition, containing the complete early plays, caught my attention for a different reason. Handsomely bound in fine mauve cloth, it was a limited edition published in 1894 by Elkin Mathews and John Lane—I later learned that a few copies of this edition had been bound in white buckram—and contained exquisite decorations and an immaculate black-and-white frontispiece by Aubrey Beardsley. A veritable success story, from rags to riches, and I decided that Davidson challenged the interest at least of the bibliophile.

One by one I examined the remaining works of Davidson, and Yale possessed virtually all of them, sampling both his prose and
poetry and observing that, except for three or four, the books had
never been taken out of the library, none within the last several
years. I presently discovered the explanation of this general
neglect, for it is not peculiar to Yale readers. From dipping here and
there in the volumes before me, I soon learned that I was not to
know Keats’s elation upon first opening Chapman’s Homer. I had
come upon an author who had manifestly overwritten, whose work,
while arresting, was seldom flawless and frequently undisciplined.
Moreover, the sparsity of his later work revealed an inscrutable
and even misanthropic spirit. In all justice to Davidson, let it be
said that this was a superficial and hasty judgment of his work. On
the other side of the ledger, there was an originality and unfaded
freshness to many of the ballads and eclogues, while his later verse
was reinforced by demonic energy and rugged individualism. With
a near-Olympian detachment that comes from long familiarity
with a poet’s work, I have come to the conclusion that Davidson
is an author who, as Mr. T. S. Eliot has said of Poe, must be read
in its entirety to be understood. Or if this is asking too much, he
should be sampled in generous proportions. Again, as in the case
of Samuel Johnson or, as was recently suggested by a reviewer in
The Times Literary Supplement, of Cowper, his personality looms
larger, is more compelling and fully developed than the literary
output from which it emerges. What Davidson stood for is still
more significant and vital than the poetic and dramatic expression
which he gave to these principles.

I was not myself immediately attracted to the work of or to the
Weltanschauung of this belligerent iconoclast, an atheist, ma-
terialist, and apostle of the ultimate authority of the individual
will, who belongs in the formidable company of such other nine-
teenth-century yeas and naysayers as Emerson, Whitman, Carlyle,
and Nietzsche. In the unqualified amorality of his nineteenth-
century heroic vitriol there was too much that seemed to anti-
pate the perversions of twentieth-century totalitarianism—the
same barbaric code of strength through joy and joy through
strength. But for his dangerous romanticism, Davidson had his
gentler and ironic side, as the early novels, plays, and lyrics testi-
fy, and his unyielding adherence to his convictions, or call them
delusions, in the face of personal disaster commands respect. At
the outset, nevertheless, it was the problems involved in tracking down
his literary remains and putting together the pieces of the puzzle
as much as his artistic or intellectual significance which provoked
my interest.

The usual “criminal files” available to the academic sleuth, the
biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias, were of little initial
help, furnishing only those meager details and familiar milestones
of a man’s life. Memoirs by contemporaries who knew him and
other biographies began to illuminate the figure in a fragmentary
fashion, but Davidson had been an aloof and reticent person who
mingle relatively little among the Bohemians of Soho or the
dandies of the West End. To be sure, Davidson’s spiritual auto-
biography is written large in his own highly introspective works,
but only a blurred and distorted image, a double exposure of what
he was and what he wished to be, the man and the mask, can be
made out from these. Where were the letters and personal papers
with their intimate confidences, and the manuscripts with their
revisions, which would enable me to see the naked soul of the man
and the evolving art of the poet? (The fact that the letters when
they turned up contained surprisingly few confidences and the
manuscripts almost no signs of revision was as significant and re-
vealing as the reverse would have been.) Had these documents
survived and, if so, were they still intact or, as was probable, scat-
tered to the four corners of the world?

During the fall and early winter of 1948-49 I set out my lines,
baited not with realistic offers of cash but with the ingenious stu-
dent’s earnestness and sincerity. In all, I must have written two
hundred letters but I have never had the courage to count them.
Common sense told me to apply first to the major libraries in Eng-
land and America, not only the large national and public institu-
tions, the British Museum, the National Library of Scotland, and
the Library of Congress, but also the principal university and pri-
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holograph corrections by Davidson of an unperformed and unpublished adaptation of Racine's *Phèdre*, formerly in the possession of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for whom it had been made. The British Museum promptly sent photostat copies of further letters to Edmund Gosse, W. S. McCormick, Clement Shorter, and Swithinburne.

Upon the suggestion of its curator of manuscripts, I paid a personal visit to the Columbia University Library which revealed a small but choice and very helpful collection of Davisoniana, made and presented to the University by Mr. Frederick Cocksandall. Among other unusual items in the Columbia cache, I found the first and only edition of the poet's early verse play, *Diabolus Amans*, anonymously published in Glasgow, 1885. It thus competes with the short novel, *The North Wall*, as Davidson's first published work. *The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature* alone correctly assigns this play to Davidson, and Columbia's is the only copy which I have seen; it may be the only copy in this country. From the scholar's point of view, this book was my most important discovery, for it disproved all previous critics, some of them Davidson's own contemporaries, who heard in the somber Scot merely a noisy echo of Nietzsche. In *Diabolus Amans* Davidson expressed many supposedly Nietzschean ideas considerably before he could have known the German philosopher's works. Other libraries, notably the Henry E. Huntington and Leeds University, furnished further material.

One distress signal which brought several gratifying, if not spectacular, offers of help was that which I raised in *The Times Literary Supplement*. Following the time-honored custom of scholars, writers, and bibliophiles who wish to address an open letter to the public soliciting manuscripts or other material in private hands, I had written to the editor of the *TLS* and in due course of time—to an American, British time can be agonizingly unhurried—the letter appeared in its columns. The response to my appeal, in exact proportion, I fear, to current interest in Davidson, was never heavy; and at no time was I obliged to hire a secretary to handle the extra mail. In all I received only six letters in reply to my notice in the *TLS*, but one of them bore good tidings of further treasure. Although I now blush to confess it, in writing the libraries which conceivably possessed Davidson material, I had overlooked Leeds University with its well-known Brotherton Collection. Happily, an alert librarian who had seen my advertisement called to my attention Davidson's correspondence with Edmund Gosse, highly personal and revealing, which was as Leeds together with notes in Gosse's hand on heretofore unknown and intimate details regarding Davidson's family and letters from Lord Balfour's secretary pertaining to Davidson's application for a pension.

The remaining replies to my appeal were from readers of the TLS interested in Davidson for a variety of reasons: an aged and blind actress living in retirement in Switzerland who had known Davidson in the years when his plays were appearing on the Strand; an elderly gentleman who sent me a sere and yellow clipping from *The Westminster Review* of "Rain in the New Forest," a poem found in manuscript on Davidson's desk the night he disappeared; a gracious lady who offered to perform and subsequently did undertake a number of tiresome chores as "a labor of love"; and similar well-wishers. The contributions of these and other letters are too easily minimized, for they offered a delightful statement from Davidson's character and struggle, or, what was equally welcome, evidence of interest, however scattered, in a project that I was often on the point of abandonment. For the most part it was older people who responded, people who had known Davidson or read his works at the time of their appearance.

One of my most helpful letters came from Cornelius Weygandt, professor emeritus at the University of Pennsylvania, who had written knowingly on Davidson in his *The Time of Yeats*. Professor Weygandt sent me a copy of a personal letter he had received from the poet when he was writing a series of articles on younger poets for *The Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* in 1897. Because it is a delightful character description from Davidson and because Professor Weygandt gives only a fragment of it in his book, I quote it here at fuller length:

"You ask regarding "educational influences" and for "accurate information" of my "development." The only education [al] influences I acknowledge are my own passion, thought and experience. As for development, is it not the open secret of every poet's writing, ready, indeed eager, to yield itself to the attentive student? My readers must find my development in my books. An apple-tree produces apples, but you cannot expect it to pull, pure, core and serve its own fruit."
Because he hoped to "create a new dwelling-place for the imagination of man" based on the nebular hypothesis and the will to power, to reconcile poetry and science, Davidson repudiated his own past and that of the world. As early as 1894 in a poem addressed "To the New Men" he urged modern man to burn his bridges behind him and to become completely self-reliant and self-determined:

Heat the furnace hot;
Smelt the world-old thought
Into dross and dew;
Mould the earth anew.

In cutting himself off from tradition and heritage, Davidson signed his own death warrant as a poet and hence as a man. Since, as we have seen from his unco-operative letter to Professor Weygandt, he also carried this principle into his private life, he did not make the task of his biographer an easy one.

I must now go back a couple of months in my narration, for if the reader has received the impression that my chase across Scottish moors and down London alleys after the ghost of Davidson was conducted with the scientific skill and exasperating logic of a Sherlock Holmes, he is misadvised. Having set out several times more or less at the same time, I began to find that I was getting several nibbles at once. For an inexperienced fisherman dealing with some very experienced fish, this was sometimes an embarrassment of riches. I nearly lost the biggest fish of all by pulling in the line too quickly and eagerly. Happily, fish will bite again on the same hook, especially if attracted by fresh bait.

The probability that a considerable quantity of papers relating to John Davidson still remained in the possession of his publishers or their heirs had always seemed a strong one. By ferreting around in the files of old auction catalogues, I soon learned that after the death of John Lane, Davidson's first important publisher, Lane's library, including an incalculably valuable collection of letters and manuscripts of authors with whom he had been associated, had been taken over by Dulau and Company; in 1948 the library was advertised for sale in a special catalogue. Although this collection had been disposed of in small lots and the firm itself bombed out during the last war, so that no records of its sales remained, I was able with some industry and more luck to track down large segments of the Davidson items listed in this catalogue.

Some of the correspondence eventually turned up in the Frederick C. O'Connell Collection at Columbia University, which I have already mentioned. Fortunately for me and for Princeton, still other large segments of the correspondence with Lane had found their way into the collections of two very good friends of the Library.

Through Mr. A. E. Gallatin, who in 1948 presented to the Library his incomparable collection of Beardsleyana and more recently his collection of Arthur Symons, I met in December, 1948, another benefactor of the Library, Mr. F. C. O'Connell '14.

To my inquiry Mr. O'Connell promptly replied that he possessed a number of Davidson letters and association volumes as part of his extensive collection on the eighteen nineties in general, which he invited me to examine. Accordingly I spent a delightful and convivial evening with the O'Connell family in their New York apartment. Mr. O'Connell proved to have the remaining portion of the correspondence with John Lane relating to the publication in 1894 of the first collected edition of Davidson's Plays, supplementing the material which I had already seen in the Columbia University Library.

Shortly after this, just before Christmas, I happened to write my friend and mentor, Professor Willard Thorp, who has served as friend and mentor to scores of Princeton men. I had written on this occasion to ask for a meal, a bed, a book, a letter of recommendation, or one of those necessities of life for which one readily turns to Professor Thorp. My business in no way concerned Davidson, who was mentioned only in passing and for the first time between us as the subject of my doctoral dissertation. His reply was my most agreeable surprise that Christmas:

Why did I never know that you are doing a dissertation on John Davidson? Why, your friend Thorp has what is probably the best collection of John Davidson in America. I became interested in him many years ago and thought I would see what I could do in the way of getting together a collector's collection.

To me this was like finding the Cullinan diamond in my back yard.

\footnote{This correspondence and a copy of the 1894 edition of the \textit{Plays} in the rare white buckram binding were presented to the Library by Mr. O'Connell in March, 1952.}
As soon as the events which invariably crowd the turn of the year would permit, I drove down to Princeton with a friend, and in the familiar library of the Thorps found two rows of Davidsoniana, chiefly books, including first editions, association volumes, variants, and American copyright editions, but also fragments of manuscript and more letters to John Lane, filling in still further gaps in the Dulau catalogue which describes Lane’s library. Another memorable evening ensued. Bibliophily always seems to stimulate the thirst and appetite, so that a gathering of two or more collectors is scarcely distinguishable from a convocation of the Food and Wine Society. As I copied letters speaking of poverty, ill health, and other difficulties which plagued the poet, I felt periodic twinges of guilt. Nor could I help remembering as I refreshed myself that Davidson’s father, a zealous evangelist and strict teetotaler, had received from his congregation a handsome watch in recognition of his work in behalf of temperance; moreover, that years later his son, to pay the rent or enjoy the rare luxury of a whisky and water, was frequently obliged to pawn this heirloom. It was this nucleus of books and autograph manuscripts which, presented by Professor Thorp to the Princeton Library on the occasion of the dedication of its new building, began the Princeton collection of Davidsoniana and attracted to it the additions which I have yet to describe.

In the Frederick C. Olyndall Collection at Columbia and in the libraries of Mr. O’Connell and Professor Thorp, I had recovered a considerable portion of the Davidson material formerly in the possession of John Lane. Other items have turned up since in dealers’ catalogues and have been purchased by the Library. There was no such indication that the late Grant Richards, who was Davidson’s final publisher, who was associated with him much longer than Lane, and who should have possessed a proportionately larger collection, had ever disposed of more than a few of this author’s letters or manuscripts. This was surprising in view of the fact that Richards had during his life sold virtually all of the correspondence and manuscripts which he owned of authors whom he had sponsored. Assuming that he really had possessed an extensive Davidson correspondence, why had he clung to it so tenaciously through the years, guarding it like a dragon the golden fleece? To be sure, the Davidson papers would have fetched little on the market and therefore the temptation to sell was not so great as, for example, in the case of the Thomas Hardy letters. On the other hand, there had been a few collectors of Davidson; furthermore, in his own memoirs Richards had conspicuously avoided quoting from any Davidson correspondence in his possession. The answer, as I readily discovered from Richards’ own autobiography, was Davidson’s prohibition, frequently expressed in private conversation and repeated in his last will, of a biography or critical edition of his works. Respecting Davidson’s unswerving hostility to any account of his private life or career, Richards had loyaly refused to make use of any documents he had kept and, furthermore, had refused to allow anyone else to use them. Previous candidates who contemplated a biography of Davidson had apparently been intimidated by these obstacles: Davidson’s own maledictions and Richards’ understandable reluctance to cooperate. Although I did not share Richards’ personal compunctions, I was momentarily deterred by the prospect of legal complications. Of the will in question, however, Richards himself had recalled that it had not been witnessed, and it was possible that it had never been probated. A brief hunt in Yale’s file of the London Times for the spring of 1909 disclosed that Davidson had, indeed, died intestate and his will was not binding.

Forthwith I wrote to Mrs. Richards, the publisher’s widow, whose address at Monte Carlo I had obtained from her daughter. In her reply, written in October, 1948, Mrs. Richards told me of the death of Davidson’s wife and gave me the address of the poet’s only surviving descendant, his younger son, Mr. Menzies Davidson. To my astonishment, I learned that this son had been living in this country since a few years after his father’s death and was then residing in Flushing, New York, within easy reach of New Haven. If Mr. Davidson was unable to furnish me with any of his father’s personal papers, I am indebted to him for many long, helpful conversations in the lounge of the Princeton Club in New York, and for carte blanche to publish any materials I choose in the life of his father. Thanks to these conversations, this life will contain many intimate and revealing details about Davidson, investing it with a veracity and interest that it would otherwise have lacked.

Mrs. Richards’ letter also mentioned the possibility of her possessing letters from Davidson to her husband, but these she thought neither Davidson nor Grant Richards had wanted published. Moreover, as she was traveling on the Continent and the letters were in

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England, it would be a long time before she could get at them. Frustrating, perhaps, but not an out-and-out refusal. Or was it? With a doggedness and simplicity that I can now attribute only to inexperience, I replied to Mrs. Richards with genuine thanks and indicated that upon her return to England I should be pleased to hear from her again. I believe I was even so practical as to suggest, tactfully, that another member of the family living in England might be willing to dig out the papers in the meantime and thereby expedite my use of them. Whether Mrs. Richards still hesitated to violate her late husband’s circumspection regarding Davidson’s personal affairs or whether some other consideration guided her, I cannot say, for I did not hear directly from her again. Still convinced that there was an untouched mine of material almost within reach and indispensable to my study, I was nevertheless compelled to relinquish hope of gaining immediate and gratuitous access to it.

This was not the first time that I had bungled by announcing myself without an introduction into the drawing rooms, as it were, of English literati. I was in no frame of mind to be shown the door again, politely but firmly, and I certainly should have abandoned this pursuit if two months later I had not received a letter confirming my suspicions that the Davidson-Richards correspondence had survived and renewing the “Bozzy” in me. The letter came from Mr. P. J. Dobell, the English bookseller, who had noticed my appeal in the TLS and who wrote that some time ago he had seen in the hands of the late Grant Richards John Davidson’s correspondence with Richards, “a considerable docket which appeared to me at the time to be of great interest and importance.” With unintentional irony, Mr. Dobell advised me to get into touch with the family or executors of the late Mr. Richards.

With this assurance that the probable reward warranted the effort, I determined to have another try at the “considerable docket.” In the meantime I had been informed by a friend and adviser, more experienced than I in the protocol of obtaining manuscripts from private owners, that I had no recourse but to turn over negotiations to a professional bookseller. This I did, not to one, but successively to three different agents. I should like to say here that while their motives may not be unmixed—for, as Falstaff says, a man may labor in his vocation—the bookseller is generally the collector’s and scholar’s best friend.

The first bookseller whom I approached turned up, not the correspondence I expected, but to the correspondence I expected, but a peculiar appendage to it, some seventy-five letters together with telegrams and other documents concerning the writer’s disappearance from his home in March, 1909, and the discovery of his body in Mount’s Bay off Penzance six months later. The correspondence was chiefly that of Mrs. Davidson, the widow, and the poet’s two sons, Alexander and Menzies, to Richards. Among other valuable items, the collection also contained the autobiography manuscript of Davidson’s remarkable will, a police poster advertising a reward for information about the missing poet, and the nearly complete manuscript of Fleet Street and Other Poems, his last volume of lyrics found with a suicide note several weeks after the poet’s death and posthumously published in 1909. After examining carefully this material, I suggested to the bookseller that he send it to Princeton on approval. In the Autumn 1949 issue of the Chronicle appeared the announcement that the collection had been purchased by the Library to complement the notable collection of first and later editions of Davidson’s works which had been presented to it by Professor Thorp.

I had still not disinterred the main treasure, but there was no doubt in my mind that this first consignment was part of a much larger and superior collection. Clearly a teasing canapé to the feast which would shortly follow. I flattered myself that I was now an old hand at the game of recovering manuscripts, that a person had only to know the rules to play the game proficiently. But no further consignment materialized. Could Mr. Dobell have been wrong? Did Princeton already possess all of the Davidson-Richards papers that were extant, outside of the few preserved in the National Library of Scotland? Or was this some new “ploy” in the game of bookmanship? As the months rolled by and nothing developed to answer these questions, I again grew discouraged. In desperation I turned the business over to a second bookseller noted for dealing in the literature of the nineties, and finally, in February, 1950, after the second had failed, to a third, Mr. Percy Muir. Mr. Muir is the successor to Elkin Mathews, who with Lane had been a co-publisher of Davidson under the imprint of the Bodley Head; the association seemed a good portent.

Writing that it was he who had originally purchased from Grant Richards during his lifetime the papers relating to Davidson’s
death which had already found their way to Princeton, Mr. Muir
nevertheless offered very little promise that he could obtain more.
In time, he did obtain a few letters of Davidson to John Lane,
which I purchased and which are now at Princeton. While not the
main lode for which I was digging, at least one of these was a
small gem, containing Davidson’s views on the trial of Oscar
Wilde:

At first I was sorry at the sentence on Oscar, but I have since come
back to my original opinion that whether he is guilty of the actual
crime—crime, so-called: what the law has to do with it as long as there
is no rape I fail to see—or not, punishment is his only hope for the
future: two years hard labour! it will surely purge him even in the
sight of unintelligent England.

It is characteristic of Davidson that his opinion here is forthright
and realistic. Except in purely personal matters, where he was often
sensitive, and in his vision of life, where he was highly romantic,
Davidson was always the hardheaded, practical Scot.

In June, 1900, nearly two years after I had first begun the search,
Mr. Muir wrote to me to say that Mrs. Grant Richards had finally
entrusted to him the sale of her late husband’s papers. The papers
included, he went on to add, over eleven hundred items relating to
John Davidson: well over three hundred unpublished autograph
letters from Davidson, approximately seventy autograph reader’s
reports which the poet had written for Richards, many other let-
ters, contracts, prospectuses, and hundreds of newspaper clippings,
chiefly reviews of Davidson’s works—“by far the most important
block of Davidson material in existence and . . . quite indispensable
to a biographer.” This was a boast not lightly made, for when the
material shortly arrived in two large packages, it proved to be all
that Mr. Muir had said it was. The remaining story of Princeton’s
purchase of the invaluable collection as an essential supplement
to its Davidsoniana has been told in the Chronicle for Autumn,
1900.

While the intermittent trans-Atlantic chase after the Richards
papers is the major episode in this minor saga, other events oc-
curring more or less at the same time also concluded happily.
There is space only to tell how the complete autograph manuscrip-
t of The Testament of John Davidson, the last and most con-
fessional of the series of blank verse “Testaments” with which the
philosopher-poet closed his tempestuous career, was acquired by
the Library. Concurrently with my other efforts I had been poring
er over old catalogues of book sales and had discovered the sale in
1943 and again in 1945 of several important Davidson manu-
scripts. In an attempt to trace these manuscripts to their present
owners and if possible to obtain permission to examine them, I
had followed the trail from one gallery and bookseller to another,
finally ending up at Scribner’s Rare Book Department on Fifth
Avenue. There the scent was lost but just as you find your eye-
glasses when you are really looking for your slippers, I unexpected-
ly learned that Scribner’s had in its basement at that very moment
the library of a former Davidson collector. This collector had not
been unknown to me, but a letter which I had written to him at the
only address available had been returned marked “Address Un-
known.”

In accordance with the leisurely tempo that prevails in the back
room at Scribner’s, it was several weeks before the Davidson col-
collection was brought upstairs and I was allowed to examine its
contents. Not large, it consisted of a choice and well-rounded
selection of books, letters, and manuscripts relating to Davidson.

There were presentation copies to George Meredith, Edmund
Gosse, Richard Le Gallienne, William Watson, the Grant Allen’s,
and other notables of the day, many with interesting letters laid
in. Some of these were purchased by Yale before Princeton had
evined an interest in the poet. The most valuable item, however,
was the complete autograph manuscript of The Testament of
John Davidson, which, happily for Princeton, remained at Scrib-
ner’s. In October, 1949, after the Library had become committed
to improving its already well-established Davidson collection, a
number of Friends of the Library contributed to the purchase of
this important manuscript, and it was brought down to Prince-
ton.⁸ In my opinion Davidson’s most sustained, most nearly perfect
lyric effort is “The Last Journey,” which he appended to The
Testament of John Davidson as an epilogue and his own epitaph.
Davidson’s last message is the brave acceptance of the Lucretian
expressed with the simplicity and dignity of the Greek Anthology.
The first and last stanzas of this poem, as found in the Princeton
manuscript, are these:

⁸ The contributors to the purchase of the manuscript were J. Harlin O’Connell ’14,
Bernhard K. Schaefer ’30, Willard Thorp, and J. Benjamin Townsend ’90.—En.
I felt the world a-spinning on its nave,
I felt it heaving blindly round the sun;
I felt the time had come to find a grave:
I knew it in my heart my days were done.
So I took my staff in hand; I took the road,
And wandered out to seek my last abode.
Hearts of gold and hearts of lead,
Sing it yet in sun and rain,
"Heel and toe from dawn to dusk,
Round the world and home again."

Farewell the hope that mocked, farewell despair
That went before me still and made the pace.
The earth is full of graves, and mine was there
Before my life began, my resting-place;
And I shall find it out and with the dead
Lie down for ever, all my sayings said—
Deeds all done and songs all sung
While others chant in sun and rain,
"Heel and toe from dawn to dusk,
Round the world and home again."

As it now stands, the collection of books, letters, and manuscripts relating to John Davidson in the Princeton Library is the product of the concerted interest and active generosity of a group of people. The accumulation of this material in a single place of safety and ready access is an illustration of the patient, unheralded, and fundamentally democratic way in which such deposits can be made, and must be made more frequently in the future. Of itself the material is of immense value to the biographer of Davidson, but it is of even larger import as an integral part of the swiftly growing collection at Princeton of figures of the nineties. In the current re-examination of this greatly abused period, Princeton by virtue of its collection will play a noteworthy part.

Benedict Thielen
An Introduction and a Check List
BY ERIC W. CARLSON

It seems particularly fitting at this time to present to readers of the Chronicle a Princeton alumnus of the Class of 1928, the novelist, and short-story writer, Benedict Thielen, whose manuscripts have recently been acquired by the Princeton University Library.

As indicated by the accompanying check list, Mr. Thielen is the author of four novels, three descriptive pieces, and sixty-seven short stories. A few of his stories have been made available in book form: Dinosaur Tracks and other Stories (1937) contains some of his earlier ones and Stevie (1941) brings together the humorous fictional pieces that originally appeared in The New Yorker. Several of his short stories also have the distinction of having been reprinted in anthologies: five in Edward J. O’Brien’s annual Best, three in the O. Henry Memorial Award volumes, one in the 1940 New Yorker anthology, and one in the British Modern Reading series. Others have been reprinted abroad in The London Mercury, John O’London’s Weekly, Revue de Paris, and the English edition of Harper’s Bazaar. But it is a regrettable fact that, except for these few, Thielens major contribution to short-story literature—his best, highly selective writing in this form since 1938—is not readily available to the general public today.

To the critical reader Thielen’s work as a whole is impressive in quality, for it is characterized by authenticity of detail, great diversity of material, superlative craftsmanship, and depth of insight. Written with a close fidelity to the meaningful rendering of experience, at the expense of voluminous output and light popularity, much of Thielen’s fiction has been bypassed by the advertising machinery of the publishing world and overlooked by the influential criticism of our day.

The present introduction and check list have been prepared in

1 Mr. Thielen has presented to the Library the manuscripts of Deep Streets, Women in the Sun, Stevie, The Lost Men, and Friday at Noon, and the manuscripts of forty-eight of his short stories and articles—En.
the belief that Mr. Thieien’s achievement needs only a wider publicity to reach its potentially larger appreciative audience and to receive the recognition it deserves.

In Thieien’s work one is particularly aware of a cosmopolitan breadth of experience reflecting the author’s residence among peoples of many lands and his sensitive observation of their essential characteristics. It was in 1924, following the completion of his work for the master’s degree at Princeton, that he set out to see “the great world that lay beyond the golf links,” living a year and a half in Paris, and the following five years intermittently in southern France, Italy, Germany, England, Corsica, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, and Greece.

Since his return to the United States in the early thirties, Thieien has made his home near the sea, spending his winters in Key West and his summers at Chilmark on Martha’s Vineyard. To him, the ocean is “the most beautiful, clean, fresh element in creation,” and out of his love for and nearness to this element have come some of his most memorable stories. Out of Key West, for example, has come his powerful novel, *The Lost Men*, dealing with the elemental qualities of wind and water and man. His attachment to the sea is also reflected in his choice of service in World War II, the United States Navy, from which he was released to inactive duty with the rank of lieutenant commander.

One of the most remarkable aspects of Thieien’s fiction is his wide range of sensitivity to the idiom, tone, and cadence of ordinary speech, whether it be the speech of the garrulous servant in “Family Tradition” and her counterparts in “It’s All Over Now,” or the hardboiled wisecracks of reporters at the prize fight in “The Bells of Victory,” or the wit and flashy sophistication of Jerry in “Man About Town.” Equally impressive is his power to transmute highly diversified materials into the realized unity of a many-faceted whole. His sensitive observation has enabled him to interpret convincingly life in a variety of settings, including: English drawing room, Manhattan bar, Italian hotel, American art museum, Arizona trading station, boys’ prep school office, department store, and prize fight arena. His characters, too, represent a wide range of occupations and ways of life; to cite a few: a Navy flyer on home leave, an American business man touring Europe, an embittered erstwhile literary idol, an adolescent groping for understanding, a cultured Southern woman, and that irresistible comic-tragic low-brow known as Stevie.

Before saying more about the main body of Thieien’s fiction, we should note that the above-mentioned Stevie, first introduced to readers in *The New Yorker*, represents a small but dynamic phase of Thieien’s versatility—satiric comedy in the best Ring Lardner tradition. In this group of eleven stories, we find the author giving free rein to an earthy sense of humor, employing clever mimicry and comedy of situation, usually with an ironic twist. Here he portrays a group of middle-class low-brows—their practical jokes, solemisms, petty squabbles, naive scheming, and clumsy swagger. At times the satire cuts through the hilarious surface to reveal the pathetic emptiness underneath—the ignorance, the selfishness, and the meager store of taste, tact, or ideas. But caustic as the satire often is, Babbditty is here the object also of the author’s sympathy for human nature, which in its crude manifestations can be, if honest or naive, far less objectionable than the calculated and malicious evasions of polite society. In *Stevie*, too, is found that authenticity of idiom and dialogue that makes his characters so real—talk that seems far more genuine and convincing than that of Lewis’s *Babbitt* or that of Lardner’s embattled male in *The Big Town*. Even though *Stevie* does not exemplify much of the artistic excellence of Thieien’s other work, it does stand as an extremely accurate record of the social dialogue of the Stevies working out their destinies among us, and as a good-humoredly satirical commentary on the Stevie admixture in all of human nature.

With Thieien, the writing of a short story is not a matter of formula or “technique” mechanically applied, but an intuitive realization, or the subconscious organization, of a form which seems “right” and natural. Sometimes, as in “Blondy” and “It’s All Over Now,” dialogue is the main element of form, dialogue that implies a deeper, more ironic truth about the speakers than about those of whom they speak. Among his stories are many, relatively plotless, where the impacts occur mostly under the surface, where the author is the master craftsman in his chosen medium, using skillfully the nuances of implication by which Joyce, Katherine Mansfield, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and others have developed the short story as a modern literary art form.
With Joyce and Mansfield he shares, too, the power of insight into the deep layers of subconscious motivation. The use of counterpoint is especially subtle and rich, suggesting not only a contrast of personalities but of two major cultural patterns as well. In one pattern the dominant motif is variably suggested by such concrete details as the black-white winter landscape, the cold house, the gray wool coat, the precise Bach music, and the talk of chilly Maine waters and of scientific experiments in the laboratory; the other pattern develops in terms of Rosamond's richly colored gown, her soft, warm voice and mouth, her original, poignant piano composition, and her descriptions of the Southern scene, its brilliant flowers, sea shells, and climate. These counterpointed details, suspended within the current of realistic dialogue and events, function as symbolic overtones in the interpretation of character and in the implication of the main theme, namely, that conflicting personal interests and points of view may be deeply rooted in differences of regional culture, and that these differences, though seemingly antagonistic, may be harmonized in a wider appreciation of feeling and intellect, color and clarity, art and science.

"Night and the Lost Armies," which Thielen considers his best short story, effectively combines counterpoint with impressionism. The impressionistic method, always subject to the perils of sentimentality and overwriting, is here applied with fine restraint in conveying the non-volitional flow of associated memories and the non-logical impingement of sensory impressions. With true artistic integrity, Thielen has tolerated no concession to style or "fine writing" for its own sake, yet manages to evoke and suggest through a minimum of means the inexhaustible natural sources of sensory beauty and imaginative wonder, peace of spirit, and self-realization. Thielen's philosophical naturalism also manifests itself in a belief in man (the ascendency of human values over false social or materialistic standards); and in a belief in man's natural instinct for human brotherhood capable of transcending national differences of language and custom (cf. "In the Year of Our Lord," "Silver Virgin," "The Empty Sky").

In the field of novel writing, Thielen has had published two earlier works, Deep Streets (1932) and Women in the Sun (1933), and two later ones, The Lost Men (1946) and Friday at Noon (1947). Compared with the earlier novels, the later two represent a remarkable growth and maturing of style, method, characterization, and thematic development.

A comparison of even the two earlier novels reveals some expansion in the range of style. In Deep Streets the author's characteristic skill is evident in the handling of dialogue on different levels of social usage, and in a few passages of impressionistic writing to dramatize subconscious reality. But in Women in the Sun the descriptive passages play a larger part in conveying the rhythmic changes of mood within an emotional atmosphere of increasing tension, doubt, friction, and conflict. Contrast the realistic dialogue, the impressionistic frame of this novel seems almost lyrical—so sincere is the tone achieved by the short sentences and simple cliché. On the other hand, one could wish for more variety of tempo and rhythm, and for more of the original and vivid type of metaphor abundant in the later novels.

In theme these early novels are interesting, realistic (nonromantic), if somewhat conventional. Deep Streets shows the tragic effects of the metropolitan environment upon several representative characters; Women in the Sun reveals the futility of attempting to escape from the urban atmosphere to an assumed simplicity of living close to nature. Both novels imply that it is a person's
inner drive that determines the effect his immediate environment will have upon his life. Though chance circumstance may at any moment interfere, it is generally the individual’s conditioned character that defines the main realization, or frustration. Also noteworthy in Women in the Sun is the parallel or symbolic relationship between external nature and man’s inner experience, the drama of human emotions intensifying to a climax as the season unfolds and the grapes ripen under the intense sun. This method of thematic development Thielens uses with increased subtlety and power in his third novel, The Lost Men.

With the publication of his later novels, Thielens has achieved full stature as a novelist. Craftsmanship alone places both these novels among the best of their kind; in addition they succeed in the difficult task of psycho-realistically dramatizing, within the unity of a given literary form, the tensions and realizations of several individuals closely related.

In The Lost Men the characters are veterans of World War I, “lost” not only as members of the Lost Generation but also as victims of the depression. And being dispossessed of home, family, work, and the respect of the community, they are at the mercy of either a betrayed or a frustrated ideal which, once released, overwhelms them with despair. The denouement, a modern version of the debate between body and soul, life and death, resolves the dramatic crisis into the positive theme (when life itself hangs in the balance) that “life is the only atonement for death,” that only a deeply felt belief in the value of life itself can transcend despair and cynicism.

This theme finds worthy expression in a remarkable integration of artistic form. Nowhere is this fact more evident than in the handling of the storm, not as a descriptive tour de force, but as a functional background showing the impact, first faint and unnoticed, of nature upon man, and also the impact of man’s past (his subconscious, “buried” self) upon his present (his conscious, volitional self). As the wind slowly gathers force, until it finally reaches a crescendo of elemental fury and destructiveness, man is gradually overcome by a primitive tension and fear, transcended only by a deeper will-to-power or a fear of life itself or a love of life. This subtle interpenetration of external and internal forces is effectively dramatized by a rich pattern of sense impressions, especially the colors, shapes, sounds, odors, and movements in nature. But beyond this descriptive power as a value in itself is the greater significance of thus representing the mood and behavior of men undergoing anger, rationalization, fear, despair, courage, and faith. These felt impressions are projected in images that through incremental repetition take on a cumulative, symbolic value, thereby contributing both to character interpretation and to coherence and unity of artistic form. As in Whitman’s impressionistic method of “succession,” the sustained descriptive passages here function with the dynamic effect of suggesting life and meaning in process of becoming, an effect harmonious with and suggestive of one aspect of the positive theme (belief in life). Thus insight and truth are fused artistically with the beauty and power of the novel’s language and method.

In Friday at Noon one finds the same artistic use of images to reveal the gradual process of individual development. Each moment of heightened self-realization is defined by a vivid image and concomitant feeling, tone, or mood that turns the image into a psychological symbol, and as these images and associated complexes of feeling accumulate over the years, the curve of character becomes more and more distinct. But here the variables of time, personality, and experience result in a more complex literary structure and style. Each of five persons (three sisters, their brother, and his wife) is revealed through his subjective associations with family possessions sold at auction. And because the whole truth about a person cannot be perceived through his own eyes alone, each character is seen through the eyes and minds of others. This multiple perspective contributes much psychological realism and interpretative vitality to the three-dimensional treatment of character.

In this novel several important themes emerge, each represented by one or more of the characters: artistic idealism, emotional domination and emotional insecurity, materialism in various forms, social democracy and practical idealism. The major theme of the novel may, in positive terms, be stated thus: vital experience is the only valid source of understanding life, and out of such understanding can come not only an awareness of the beauty and mystery of nature but a deeply felt belief in the dignity, courage, and interdependence of man.

As a novel of character Friday at Noon is a superb achievement,
made possible by the author’s sure grasp of individual psychology and by his skill in passages of impressionism and counterpoint that probe the depths of subconscious memory and, out of the past and the present, suggest the future. In this novel, as in all of Thielen’s serious fiction, there is revealed in the psyche of every individual the drive of ideal purpose and the urge to self-realization, conditioned or channeled by the main currents of our culture, sometimes confused by its crosscurrents. If one function of literature is to expand our sympathy and understanding by sensitizing us to a larger range of values, then Thielen’s work fulfills that purpose in the highest degree.

Check List

For assistance in compiling the following check list, I am indebted to Mr. E. Whitney Tarr, of Washington, D.C., to Miss Roberta Smith, reference librarian at the University of Connecticut, and to Mr. Alexander D. Wainwright of the Princeton University Library, for their helpful co-operation, and to Mr. Thielen himself for information not obtainable elsewhere.

I. BOOKS


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Stare, New York, The Dial Press, 1941. 278 pp. Contains: Introduction, pp. vii-xii; Tourist Home; Oh, Those Tropic Nights!; Happy Birthday; West of Fifth Avenue; Salt Box; Fred

* For prior publication, see Section III.

II. CONTRIBUTIONS TO ANTHOLOGIES


Modern Reading, Number Seven, ed. Reginald Moore. London, * For prior publication in The New Yorker, see Section III.

Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd. [1943]. Contains: Dawn Gun, pp. 52-64.

III. SHORT STORIES AND ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS


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Polite Comedy. Harper’s Bazaar, LXXI, No. 9 (Sept., 1937), 79-
Reprinted in Stevie, pp. 61-79.
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132, 192, 194, 198-200.
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1946, pp. 259-271; Bugle Blast, 4th Series (1947), 172-188.
It’s All Over Now. Town & Country, C, No. 4290 (Nov., 1946),
122, 240-241.
We Prefer Florence. New Yorker, XXIV, No. 10 (May 1, 1948),
28-33.
Key West. Saturday Evening Post, CCXXI, No. 90 (Jan. 22, 1949),
20-21, 84, 86, 89. Nonfiction.
The Most Unforgettable Character I’ve Met. Reader’s Digest,
Nature Study. Town & Country, CIV, No. 4335 (Aug., 1950), 63,
RIGDELY TORRENCE

The Editors of the Chronicle are grateful to Daniel Gregory Mason for his permission to publish here the following letter concerning Ridgely Torrence '97 which he wrote to the Librarian.

140 Putnam Park,
Greenwich, Conn.
October 25, 1921.

Mr. Julian P. Boyd
Princeton University Library
Princeton, N. J.

Dear Mr. Boyd:

Continuing our correspondence of June, 1941, and September and October, 1943, when I had the good fortune to find in your Princeton Archives of American Letters a permanent home for letters I had received from William Vaughn Moody and Ridgely Torrence, I write now to congratulate you and your fellow editors of the Chronicle on the tributes paid to our dear friend Torrence in your Spring issue,1 and to thank you for sending me a copy of it. Mr. Thorp's article is admirably thorough as well as sympathetic, and Mr. Patterson gives charming individual glimpses of our friend in his boynood and youth. Now that our loss of so much that was unique in Ridgely is irreparable, it is good to remember that those letters in your files contain at least a reflection of his strange, eerie, utterly characteristic humor. This was one of his most unique traits, a radical part of his poetic individuality; for, though one can name other poets who have had the sense of incongruity, I can think of no one who had it quite in his irresistibly subtle vein. In company he was so quiet one easily forgot how irresistible, how original, was his imagination. I like now to recall how individual were two traits of his, perhaps odd to couple but obviously there: creative humor and a high but usually silent spiritual control.

1 XII, No. 3 (Spring, 1951), "The Achievement of Ridgely Torrence," by Willard Thorp, with a list of his works, 105-117; "Recollections of Ridgely Torrence," by Austin M. Patterson '97, 118-120.—Ed.

Here are some brief illustrations—in case you wish to share them with other friends of his.

For the strange angles of the often repressed and always Torrence-wise and sometimes torrential humor, take this queer doggerel disguised as prose in the letter from Xenia of July 19, 1910:

"I wish that you and I were sitting round some heavenly board, on these hot days, with about half a stigtssel of doglegsmamon, (that ghostly porridge) between us. . . But here is summer madness, here are summer ants, here the heavy sadness, wearing heavy pance. What's the news of the Muse, does she use any book? If she does, Professor Mason, you should give it to her strong, you should hand it in a basin till she lifts a song. But call her Muse, or Maude, or Sadie, never go too far, Mrs. Mason's no a lady than the Muses are."

Or, three summers later, when I was studying with Vincent d'Indy in the mountains of Ardèche in southern France, this irresistible improvisation:

"Said d'Indy to Dan,
Look here, my young man,
It's been written down
That Beersheba's your town.
Said Dan unto d'Indy
Yes, Beersheba it handy
But my preshent address
Is right in Ardèche.
Said d'Indy, "You're fresh!
You've been drinking my brandy."
Ish pepp (hic) mint candy
Said Dan unto d'Indy.

The second trait, his high but quiet spiritual control, as characteristic as the irresponsible fancy so strangely associated with it, came out clearly in his last illness. In his poetry one had sensed it long before in the incomparable "Evensong":

"Beauty calls and gives no warning,
Shadows rise and wander on the day.
In the twilight, in the quiet evening
We shall rise and smile and go away.

That last winter we saw little of him, so occupied we were in our final departure from long residence in New York. Occasional telephoning had to suffice. Early I began to find him hard to hear, though not for some time understanding why. When I sometimes asked him to "speak up" he never explained the impossibility, but quietly pursued the conversation as best he could. He still keenly enjoyed giving and taking anecdotes of our friends. As late as the end of November we shared notes with gusto on the incredible epigram of a circular issued by one of our politic colleagues. By December his voice began to be almost inaudible, though there was still the sociable attempt—but sooner sur-
rendered as unavailing. Soon after that he began going every day to the hospital for X-ray treatments; by the middle of the month one realized that he could hardly speak, and that his devoted wife (herself suffering from a recent eye operation, since then fortunately successful) was giving up hope. Toward Christmas she had to have him removed to the hospital.

There, on the afternoon of December 24th, recalls my journal: “I saw poor Ridgely, sitting straight up in bed and looking handsome through the delicate molding of his head, but pale and desperately emaciated. He could only speak a few words at a time, then take breath... It’s all terribly sad. I stayed only twenty minutes, but Ridgely seemed glad to have seen me.”

It was on the very next day, Christmas Day, that he died. Looking back, I think never knew a more noble and Spartan courtesy than that which he had listened, that last afternoon I saw him, to some trivial anecdote I told to fill up an awkward silence. He even repeated ten words or so of its point to show me he had grasped it, though obedient to take a fresh breath in their midst—all with a charming friendly smile.

Such a modest yet heroic spirit was Ridgely Torrence.

Yours sincerely,
Daniel Gregory Mason.

EXHIBITION

An exhibition to honor the memory of the poet Ridgely Torrence ’97 was held in the Princetoniana Room of the Library from the tenth of December to the first of February. Many items among the books, manuscripts, and memorabilia included in the exhibition were lent by Mrs. Ridgely Torrence.

Ridgely Torrence (1874-1930) transferred to Princeton from Miami University (Ohio), at the beginning of his junior year, as a member of the Class of ’97, and during a relatively short undergraduate career soon made a name for himself at Princeton as was evidenced by the inclusion in the exhibition of his contributions to the Tiger and the Nassau Lit and by a photograph which recalls his participation in the Triangle Club’s production of May, 1896—The Mummy; A High Old Egyptian Extravaganza.

Ridgely Torrence’s achievement as a poet was represented by first editions of his three published books of poetry: The House of a Million Lights (1900), Hesperides (1905), and Poems (1911), as well as by early drafts in his handwriting of a number of his poems and fair copies of others. Present in the exhibition in addition to the poetic dramas El Dorado (1903) and Abelard and Heloise (1907) was Torrence’s Plays for a Negro Theater (1917), containing three plays, Granny Maumee, The Rider of Dreams, and Simon the Cyrenian, which have received widespread recognition. The original stage design for Simon the Cyrenian, by Robert Edmond Jones, whose first professional assignment as a director was the staging and directing of these three one-act plays, was also displayed.

Included among the manuscripts in the exhibition were the unpublished “Three Plays for Women” (“The Madrone,” “The Thunderpool,” and “Anyone with Half an Eye”), written 1907-1911; a manuscript of Heloise and Abelard, lent by Mrs. Louis V. Ledoux, which has since been presented to the Library by Mrs. Ledoux, who had previously given to Princeton a series of letters written by Mr. Torrance to the late Mr. Ledoux; a number of letters selected from Torrence’s correspondence as poetry editor of The New Republic (1920-1934); the typescript of his biography of the Negro educator, The Story of John Hope (1948); and the musical setting, done in 1948, by Ernest Lubin for “The Son”—perhaps the most widely anthologized of the Torrence poems. The Library of Congress recordings (1950) of Torrence’s readings of his own poetry were also shown in the exhibition.

The survey of Ridgely Torrence’s life and writing was completed by a selection of the letters written to him by a wide circle of devoted friends and admirers, including A. E. (George Russell), Walter De La Mare, A. E. Housman, John Masefield, Edgar Lee Masters, E. A. Robinson, and May Sinclair, as well as by an appreciative letter written to Torrence by Robert Frost to accompany a draft of “A Passing Glimpse; To Ridgely Torrence on last looking into his Hesperides” (West-Running Brook, 1928); and by three books: an autographed presentation copy of Robinson’s Mathias the Door (1931), a poem dedicated to Ridgely Torrence; an inscribed copy of Daniel Gregory Mason’s Music in My Time, and Other Reminiscences (1938), which has a chapter on Torrence; and an inscribed copy of William Rose Benét’s The Stairway of Surprise (1947), which contains the poem “To Ridgely Torrence.” Also included in the exhibition were the portrait in oils by Jean de Paleologue, painted in 1906, and a recent recast by Frances Grimes of the bust of Torrence originally made by her in 1910.
ADDENDA TO CHECK LIST

Since the appearance in the Chronicle of the list of the works of Ridgely Torrence ‘97 (XII, No. 3 [Spring, 1951), 109-117) the following additional items have come to our attention.

Verse Set to Music


The Son; Song for Medium or Low Voice, by Roland Farley, Poem by Ridgely Torrence, New York, New Music Press, Inc. [1938]; 8 pp.

Contributions to Periodicals

VERSE


PROSE

The Rest of the Story, by John Woodseer [pseud.], Good Housekeeping, LXIII (Sept., 1918), 46-48, 126, 128.


Foreign Faces, by John Woodseer [pseud.], American Girl, XVIII (Feb., 1933), 19-21, 48.

The New Girl at La Gentiane, by John Woodseer [pseud.], American Girl, XIX (Feb., 1934), 9-11, 49-51, and XIX (Mar., 1936), 12-14, 32-33, 41.

Contributions to Collections and Anthologies


A Nononsense Anthology, ed. Carolyn Wells, New York, Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1902. Contains: Sonnet Found in a Deserted Mad House, p. 18 (anon.).


COLLECTOR’S CHOICE

Imprints of James Wilson (1787-1850), grandfather of President Woodrow Wilson ’79, lent by William H. Vodrey, Jr., ‘26, were exhibited in the Princetoniana Room from the twentieth of No-
November through the first of January as the second “Collector’s Choice” of the current academic year.

James Wilson migrated in 1807, at the age of twenty, from northern Ireland to the United States. He worked in Philadelphia on the Jeffersonian newspaper Aurora, the editor of which he became in 1813. In 1815 he moved to Steubenville, Ohio, where he purchased The Western Herald, a newspaper which, as the Herald-Star, is still being published, and operated a job printing shop, in which the books and pamphlets in the exhibit were printed. He became a member of the Ohio legislature and, although not a lawyer, an associate judge of the Court of Common Pleas. One of the most prominent citizens of Ohio, he was an incorporator of the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad and a bank director. In 1832 he established in Pittsburgh the newspaper Pennsylvania Advocate.

James Wilson, according to Ray Stannard Baker, “trained all his sons”—and he had seven—“one after another, in the printer’s craft, beginning almost as soon as they could balance themselves on the compositors’ stools. Every one of them, including Woodrow Wilson’s father, could ‘stick type’ and was proud of it.”

Included in the exhibit were law books, such as John M. Goodenow’s Historical Sketches of the Principles and Maxims of American Jurisprudence and The Ohio Officer’s Guide; religious books, such as James Abercrombie’s The Mourner Comforted; school books, such as The Ohio Primer; and a bound volume of The Western Herald for the years 1815-1818, lent through the courtesy of the Steubenville Herald-Star.

From the second of January through the tenth of February the “Collector’s Choice” case contained a selection of Walt Whitman items from the collection of Daniel Maggin. Of particular interest was the major portion of the revised manuscript of the second part of Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke’s composite biography-critique of the poet published in 1883. Before the book was published, Dr. Bucke, a Canadian physician who later became one of Whitman’s literary executors, sent a fair copy of the manuscript to Whitman with a request for suggestions and corrections. Whitman compiled to an extent which would virtually justify his being named co-author, for he made in the manuscript literally hundreds of corrections, additions, and deletions. In addition to a copy of Dr. Bucke’s book, the exhibit included also a first edition, third issue, of Leaves of Grass, Brooklyn, 1855; a copy of the autograph edition of Leaves of Grass [Philadelphia, 1889], one of only three hundred copies printed, inscribed by Whitman’s friend Horace L. Traubel, who “boswelled” the poet during the late years in Camden; and a large-paper copy of the “2d Annex” to Leaves of Grass, Good-Bye My Fancy, Philadelphia, 1891, with an inscription by Traubel to Thomas B. Mosher.

Contributors to this issue

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New & Notable

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FOLDING MANUSCRIPT CALENDAR

A curious fifteenth-century folding manuscript calendar has been acquired by the Graphic Arts Division of the Library through the generosity of Mrs. Carl W. Jones, of Minneapolis, and Dr. Silvain S. Brunichwic, of New York City. The calendar, shown in the accompanying plate, consists of twenty-one vellum leaves, measuring 11 1/4 x 8 1/4 inches when folded, and 4 x 5 1/4 inches when unfolded. From the leather cover and metal ring it can be seen that the calendar was intended to be attached to a belt and worn hanging from the waist; it is so designed that the leaves when unfolded may be read when in this position. It might almost be called the medieval counterpart of the modern “pocket almanac.”

The manuscript was written in Italy about 1455. (Note the appearance of this date in the Rotas, reproduced here.) The script is in red and black, illuminated with blue and gold. The text is partly in Italian and partly in Latin. The first twelve leaves contain the Church calendar of fixed feasts for each month of the year, beginning with January. Following this calendar, eight more leaves provide further tables of solemn festivals and fasts, a “wheel” for determining the dates of movable feasts, and “memoranda” on such matters as the Ten Commandments, the Sacraments, Indulgences, and the Creed. On the last and twenty-first leaf, which was originally blank, a former owner’s inscription, in Italian, informs us that “this calendar belonged to Father Jerome the elder and was left to Brother Julian his pupil in the year 1475.”

This folding calendar bears some relationship to the “girdle books” represented in paintings and sculptures of the late Middle Ages. In general, however, these have a “pouch binding” similar to the one described, with illustrations, by Karl Kilp in his article, “A Fifteenth-Century Girdle Book,” published in the Bulletin of...
the New York Public Library, XLIII, No. 6 (June, 1939), pp. 471-484. The breviary described by Mr. Küp is a small book of "normal" form. Its binding consists of two leather coverings: the inner layer covers the boards of the book in traditional fashion; the outer covering is extended beyond the boards so as to form a protective envelope, part of which is gathered into a knot of braided leather which can be slipped through a person's belt or girdle. The German term, Buchbeutel, a book pouch or purse, and the French term, reliure à queue, a binding with a tail to it—although emphasizing different features of the binding—are both appropriate. The calendar now at Princeton is not bound in this fashion; indeed, the leaves could not be conveniently unfolded had it been so enveloped. If the term "girdle book" is limited to books with one of these pouch bindings, as it seems to have been, then the Princeton calendar does not fall within the category; if, however, the term is extended to include all books designed to be worn hanging from the girdle and read when in this position, then the calendar might be so described. Finally, it may be added that this calendar resembles in some of its features the fifteenth-century English folding almanac described and illustrated in Catalogue No. 679 of M. Berg's, Ltd., Ancient, Medieval and Modern: A Catalogue of MSS. & Books; being recent acquisitions (Feb., 1939), No. 14, p. 9, and frontispiece.

A RECENT GIFT OF GOETHIANA

Three years ago our Goethe bicentennial exhibition served to remind us of our treasures of Goethiana. These have recently been enriched by a generous gift from Benno Elkan of Larchmont, New York, the father of Carl M. Elkan '39. The collection assembled by Mr. Elkan over a period of years, includes autograph letters and poems, first editions, and sketches and engravings that testify to the artistic capacities of Goethe's many-sided genius.

The latter group includes several pencil sketches of landscapes, two with water colors added, and the well-known etching after Thiele, "grave par Goethe" in 1767 while he was a student in Leipzig under Stock's tutelage, and "dedicé" to father Goethe by his "fils tres obéissant"—who did not trouble about French accents.

The letters range from 1775 to 1832. The earliest, written

1 See The Princeton University Library Chronicle, X, No. 4 (June, 1949), 159-160.
November 22, 1775, only two weeks after his arrival in Weimar, to "Tätsgen" Johanna Fahlmer, affords an interesting glimpse of young Goethe's state of mind in those exciting days. The latest (complete with envelope), dated Weimar, January 19, 1792, two months before the poet's death, is addressed to His Royal Highness Prince Friedrich Karl Alexander of Prussia, thanking him in most diplomatic language for the invitation to attend a display of fireworks!

The manuscript poems are briefer ones from Goethe's later years. The earliest is the "Nachgesang" (O gib, vom weichen Hüfte) of 1804. It shows the poet's emendation of line 1 from "Liebliche mir Gebühr" to "Träumend ein halb Gebühr" and other slighter, changes. The last stanza is written on the reverse of the sheet, and Goethe left unfinished the final recurrence of the slumberous refrain, so that it ends "Schlaf! was"—probably a mark of haste rather than a suggestion of the oncoming of sleep!

A quatrain for Marianne von Willemer (An die Stelle des Genius) is preserved here as an inscription under a charming sepia engraving of Frankfurt in 1815, sent by the artist to Goethe for his birthday and by him to Marianne. Another "Almblaub" is the ironic octave "Das Leben ist ein schlechter Spaß," which went into the Westöstlicher Divan in 1827. Another is the little "Kleines und Vergessenich," with penciled changes, duly authenticated by Goethe's faithful Eckermann, as was the previous piece by his secretary Kräuter. One of the latest of the autograph poems is "Von der Blüte zu den Früchten," dated November 3, 1815; and perhaps the most touching is the tender little "Vermächtnis" (Vor die Augen meiner Lieben) which the aged poet sent only a few weeks before his death, to his beloved of former years, Marianne von Willemer, together with the letters she had written him in happy days.

Of the first editions, the earliest is an omnibus volume of nine "Wertheriades" that recalls the prodigious popularity of Goethe's first novel. Here are the imitations Freudens des jungen Werthers of 1775, published in the fictitious "Freystadt"; the maudlin Lotte bey Werthers Grab, published in the equally fictitious "Wahlheim," 1775; and other parodies and counterfeits. The last item is a gruesome Entsetzliche Mordgeschichte von dem jungen Werther, which bears neither place nor publisher under its lengthy title, but instead the disarming avowal "Das Stück kostet 4 Kreutzer/ Ist ja nur ein geringes Geld" (four farthings a piece/ Not much money, after all).

Other first editions include Das römische Carnaval, 1779, with twenty colored plates of costumed carnival figures, one of which includes a portrait of Goethe himself; the Goethe-Schiller correspondence, the six-volume Briefwechsel which Goethe published in 1828-29; and Renanc's Neffe, Goethe's translation of Diderot's dialogue, which is a "first" in more senses than one, for it was made from manuscript and appeared in 1805, years before the French original—the first printing in French, in fact, was a retranslation of Goethe's.

Among other curiosities in the Elkan collection, the quaintest is a receipt, dated November 9, 1796, by which Goethe, as head of the duet "Bergwerks-Commission," acknowledges "vier Laubthaler" (= 24 francs) paid on account of a share, an "Elmenauer Küh," in the mines which were one of his various official charges in the early Weimar years.

Non-Goethe items in Mr. Elkan's gift include autograph letters by Schiller, Heine, A. W. Schlegel, Nietzsche, Kant, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Frederick the Great, Dolly Madison, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. There is the manuscript of a poem by Voltaire to the Empress of Russia, 1769. There are first editions of the earliest "collected" Lessing, the rare Schriften of 1753-55; and of Rahel, ein Buch des Andenkens, three volumes, Berlin, 1834. In one volume (Tübingen, 1802) are combined Schiller's translation of Gozi's Turandot and Goethe's of Voltaire's Tancred. Other welcome additions to our Schiller first editions are those of Wallenstein, 1800, Die Jungfrau von Orleans, 1802, and five volumes of the Musenalmanach, 1799-99. They in turn serve to remind us that a Schiller bicentennial is due in 1959—WALTER SIEGEL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Henry E. Gerstley '30 has presented to the Library a group of Stevenson manuscript items. Included in the gift are eleven letters written by Stevenson: five to Miss Una A. Taylor concerning his efforts at Bournemouth to master the theory and practice of music; two to his cousin Robert A. M. Stevenson, one of which is also concerned with music, while the other is remarkable for being written on the verso of two leaves of the manuscript of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; three to his friend and executor Charles Baxter;
and one to his father. In addition to the letters, Mr. Gerstley's gift includes two leaves of the manuscript of In the South Sea, five leaves of the manuscript of The Wrecker, the manuscript of the poem "Ille Terrarum," and three drafts, on four leaves, of the beginning of the first chapter of Stevenson's unfinished romance Weir of Hermiston.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

The Parrish Collection has recently added to its Charles Kingsley materials a group of ten autograph items purchased with a donation from Robert H. Taylor '90. These, with the ninety-five letters bought in 1950 (also through the generosity of Mr. Taylor), form the core of what is easily the most important single Kingsley collection in the country. Included in the acquisition are the experimental drafts of some unpublished satirical poems and six holograph letters to his wife. Of these, the most interesting are four written in the summer of 1851 while Kingsley was traveling on the Continent. They are part of the same series as six other letters already in the Parrish Collection, and are remarkable for Kingsley's passionate expression of loneliness for his wife. In her biography of her husband (1877), Mrs. Kingsley carefully excised these protestations, as well as a fine, full-blooded love sonnet in one of the letters, still unpublished.—ROBERT B. MARTIN

Biblia

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE FRIENDS OF THE PRINCETON LIBRARY

Volume XXIII, Number 5
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CONTRIBUTIONS

The Library has received $8,800.00 in contributions from Friends. Edwin N. Benson, Jr., '99 and Mrs. Benson added to the fund in memory of their son Peter Benson '38. Recently purchased on this fund was a copy of the first edition of Audubon's The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America, New York, 1845-48, which will be described in the next issue of the Chronicle. The contribution from Carl Otto v. Kienbusch '06 enabled the Library to acquire an important early Woodrow Wilson document, his license to practice law in the state of Georgia, dated October 19, 1882. Robert H. Taylor '90 made it possible for the Library to secure for the Parrish Collection a group of Charles Kingsley manuscript items, which are described in "New and Notable."

GIFTS

Sinclair Hamilton '06 made further additions to the Sinclair Hamilton Collection of American Illustrated Books. Among recent gifts of Princeton interest were thirty photographs of class groups and the Princeton campus during the 1880's, from DeWitt C. Jones, Jr., '15; and ten letters written by Jacob Condit, Class
of 1811, to his sister, Abbey Condit, while he was a student at the College of New Jersey, from Carl Otto v. Kienbusch '06. From Thomas N. McCarter '88 came some seven thousand volumes, consisting mainly of his private law library, books on New Jersey history, and works of general literary and historical interest. In addition to over 120 prints of George Washington, Bernhard K. Schaefer '20 gave a number of books, including twelve relating to Washington.

Gifts were received also from the following Friends: Allison Delarue '28, Thomas H. English '18, Chauncey D. Leake '17, Sherley W. Morgan '18, Sterling Morton '06, Thomas M. Parrott '88, William Hall Potter Jr. '09, John L. Rankin '92, William L. Savage '20, William J. Sinclair, Edward Steese '24, M. Halsey Thomas, and T. F. Dixon Wainwright '31.

FRIENDS OF THE PRINCETON LIBRARY

Founded in 1926, the Friends of the Princeton Library is an association of bibliophiles and collectors interested in book collecting and the graphic arts and in increasing and making better known the resources of the Princeton University Library. It has solicited gifts and bequests and has provided funds for the purchase of rare books, manuscripts, and other material which could not otherwise be acquired by the Library.

Membership is open to anyone subscribing annually five dollars or more. Checks payable to Princeton University should be sent to the Secretary, Friends of the Princeton University Library, 225随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随隨随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随隨随随隨随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随隨随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随随隨随随随随随随随隨随隨随隨随随隨随随隨随随随随随隨随随随隨随随隨随随随随隨随随随随隨隨随随隨随随随隨随随随随随隨随随随随随随随隨随随随随随随隨随随随随随隨随随隨随随随隨随随随隨随随随隨随隨随随随隨随随随隨随随随隨随随随随随隨随隨随随随隨随随随随随随隨随随随隨随随随随随随随隨随随随随随随随随随随隨随随隨随随隨随随随随隨随随隨随随随随随随随隨随随随隨随隨随隨随随随随隨随随随隨随隨随隨随随隨隨随随隨随隨随随隨随随隨随隨随随随随随随隨随随随隨随随随隨随随随随随随隨随随随随隨随随随隨随隨随随随随隨随随随随随隨随隨随随随随隨随随随随随隨随随隨随隨随隨随随隨随随隨随随隨随隨随随隨隨随隨随随随隨随隨随隨随随随随隨随随随随随随随随隨隨随隨隨随隨隨隨随隨随隨隨随随随隨随随隨隨随隨随随随隨隨随随隨隨随隨隨隨随隨隨随隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨随随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随随隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨随随隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨随隨隨隨随隨随随隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨随隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨随隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨隨随随